F O L L Y,

A

S A T I R E.

BIBLIOTECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXXIV.

TO THE

READER.

THOUGH the ſix firſt lines, with the note under them, will ſufficiently explain at what time, and on what occaſion the following trifle was written; yet, as the bookſeller, either becauſe he really thinks ſo, or becauſe he is aſham'd to demand ſix-pence for ſo ſmall a number of pages, declares that a preface is abſolutely indiſpenſable; in compliance with his requeſt, I preſume to acquaint the reader, that the preſent is intended to be the prologue to ſome future publications, unleſs his cool reception of it ſhould convince the author, that the barrenneſs of his invention, and the roughneſs of his verſification preclude all reaſonoble hopes of engaging the attention of the public.

FOLLY,

A SATIRE.

ERE a king's miniſter, or ere a king *,
With deſperate forfex clip thy towering wing,
On which even Guilford's heir was wont to fly,
Till politics had baniſh'd poetry † ;
While yet we dare to call a knave a knave,
Nor give to fools what nature never gave.

* The late ſpeeches in the houſe about reſtraining the liberty of the preſs

† Lord North was diſtinguiſhed at Eton ſchool for the elegance of his poetical compoſitions.

Say, muſe, who firſt in theſe degenerate days,
Demand the herbs of ten Anticiras?
Nor timid, from their peaceful ſlumbers tear,
The fools that ſleep with kings at Weſtminſter *.
E'en though at George himſelf the reed be ſped,
Thou ne'er ſhall bluſh to ſhew thy earleſs head:
At leaſt thoſe nice diſtinguiſhers of merit,
Lud's citizens, ſhall praiſe thy wit and ſpirit;
So ſhall thy labours time itſelf ſurvive,
Nor leſs thy fame, than number Forty-five.

Unus'd to numbers, if you aſk me why
The thorny path of ſatire firſt I try †?
How can I chuſe but laugh, when from his place,
Starts the boy-ſenator with beardleſs face ‡;
And trimming Europe's balance, talks you dead,
Regardleſs of Sir F——'s acking head §.

* Quorum flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.

† Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere. JUVENAL.

‡ Difficile eſt ſatiram non ſcribere. JUVENAL.

§ Churchill.

Tyrants,

Tyrants, who Eaſtern liberty oppreſs'd,
Are freedom's ſtaunchеſt patrons in the Weſt.
Theſe Britain's ſons elect, their taſte ſo droll is,
Meet ſucceſſors to Sydney, Pym, or Hollis.
Gods! what a formidable band appears,
Of thoſe that are, or would be penſioners!
Their titles, ſuch as Clio can't rehearſe *;
Ill-ſuited to the dignity of verſe.
For ſure, the muſe it ſtrangely would degrade
To celebrate commiſſioners of trade:
Attorney-general ſounds but ſomewhat queer,
And board of green-cloth ſtrangely grates the ear:
Scarce to the pipe-office the muſe is civil;
But ſwears the board of ordnance is the devil!
Say, how would Sidney chafe, if, from the dead,
The ſage could raiſe his venerable head,
To ſee ſo ſtrange a crew, as ſure there none is,
Boys, fidlers, placemen, nabobs, macaronies.

* Verſu quod dicere non eſt. HORACE.

If we the people, by the ſenate ſcan,
When ſuch the flour is, what muſt be the bran?
If wiſdom in the HOUSE one rarely meets,
'Tis ſure ſhe ſeldom crieth in the ſtreets.
View we amaz'd, the ſenatorian tribe?
Each citizen, believe me, galls their kibe.
Leſs eloquence is heard on public good
At fam'd St. Stephen's, than at Robinhood.
With barbers trim, the cleaner here of ſhoes,
Maintain ſage Homer's rule, εἷς βασιλεῦς,
Or in the praiſes of democracy
With learned butchers learned porters vie.
Then why fall ſhort of F—x or T—wn—nd's fame,
Their air, their nonſenſe, and their noiſe the ſame?

Nor only in the duſt of folly's race
The vile mechanic now outſtrips his grace;
But, borne aloft, as if with daring flight
The wren ſhould hope to reach the eagle's height,

Rattles

Rattles the dice, and emulates the peer,
In vices of ten thouſand pounds a year.

But lords, you'll ſay, and lay it as a rule,
Still claim the privilege to play the fool:
And Irus, of his rags impatient grown;
The ſuitors apes in vices not his own.
Vice unreſtrain'd her empire loves to ſhow,
In fools above contempt, and fools below.

View then with curious eye the endleſs band,
Thoſe heaps on heaps that blacken all the Strand;
Chuſe from the croud an honeſt man and wiſe,
And with the monſter feed our wond'ring eyes:
For ſuch a man in vain you'll ſearch the city,
Unleſs he came with Banks from Otaheite.

There no raſh elbow ſhakes the deſperate Box,
None change their cocoa-trees for India ſtocks;

None leave their country-ſeats to tumble down,
Plung'd in the ſmoke and follies of the town:
No cit cries Forty-five, no reverend don
Betrays the forty articles ſave one.

Driven by his ſon from Latium's happy ſeat,
Here exil'd Saturn fix'd his laſt retreat,
Nor fear'd leſt envious Jove ſhould here again
Diſturb his ancient ſolitary reign.
Beheld, as in Heſperian plains, the wood
Unſhaken yield its vegetable food;
The turf, unwounded by the trenching ſhare,
With flowers unnumber'd ſcent the grateful air.
As nature prompted, or as paſſion fir'd,
Each happy pair to mutual joys retir'd;
No torment knew their love: nor yet the fair
Had drawn from Gallic lips the tainted air,
Now noſeleſs youths, complaining through the groves,
Affright the Dryads with their ſnuffling loves.

Alas!

Alas! too ſoon, ſo luxury ordains,
Curl-pated ſlaves ſhall harrow up your plains,
A hideous crew! and, for another's uſe,
Your canes ſurrender their unwilling juice!
Here F—x, the ſeſſion paſt, his only care
To bilk the crop-tail'd ſons of Iſſachar,
Like B—ks, in Oberea's charms ſhall revel,
And realize the dreams of Mrs. Greville.
But, hold, my muſe! nor think thy feeble lay,
A macarony's * proweſs can diſplay.

* Deſine pervicare
Referre ſermones DEORUM, &
Magna medis tennare parvis.

FINIS.